

Remember Mother

books, some of you who read this are sent from home. You are attending school, learning a trade, or engaged in some kind of employment that has called you away.

There is a mother at home, who longs to hear from you often. Do you grow up to be a mother? Are you willing to let her watch every mail, day after day and week after week, until the thought comes forcing its way into her heart that you have forgotten her, or are more for the new associates around you?

Do you realize that her thoughts are with you often, and linger longer with you, than yours with her?

You can think of her as a wise, thoughtful mother, in a quiet, peaceful home, with no little change in her life, as the seasons come and go, and you are growing up with her.

She can not think of you with the life feeling of security.

You are young, and are at work in a world which she knows is full of snares and temptations. And, while her confidence in your strength of character may be so great that she does not even have the anxious thoughts that come unbidden, especially when she has not heard from you for a long time.

She knows that this is an important period of your life. A great change is going on. You are developing into a woman. Can you suppose her to have taught but the deepest solitude in knowing what that something shall be? She has foregone much pleasure for your sake, and has centered many hopes in you. She can not help feeling an interest in watching you result in the success of a life well spent.

A few days ago our postmaster received a letter from a mother in a distant State, asking for information con-

without getting a

The mother's letter was handed to her son—a genial, warm-hearted lad, who could not have been better than his mother. He had realized what it was costing his mother.

I know another boy who, during a year's absence, wrote but two letters to his mother. At the close of the year he was summoned hastily home to look upon that mother's face. He found that she would give the world if he could only live that year over again, that he might swell the number to a hundred instead of two.

Ah, boys, we often bring upon ourselves, even in youth, the interest of a mother who has been "told" you do not regard against it on this one point, at least?

Write to your mother, and write often. Answer the many questions found in her letter to you. Do not miss a single one. They were at a put in her pen, and they are waiting for you to do so. Mothers do not have to do that. What may seem of the least importance to you may be full of meaning to her.

Tell her all about yourself. Tell her all about your studies, your work, or whatever you may be engaged in. Tell her all about your associates, and such things as you can tell her about—do not hesitate to drop at once.

Boys, write to your mothers.—*Golden Days.*

The Homelick Parrot.

Poll Parrot belonged to a lady in Detroit. She lived in a great house on Woodward Avenue.

Polly was a favorite. All the nice little children on the avenue knew and loved Polly. On their way to school they would stop to say: "Good morning, Mistress Polly!" and then offer her a bit of cake or cracker from their lunch-boxes. For these friendly offices they were amply repaid by the quaint sayings which were sure to follow from the little tongue of Polly.

Sometimes in answer to a cheerful good morning, Mistress Polly would draw out: "Good morning—don't forget—Polly's sleepy." For the next it might be, "Good morning—don't bother a bird."

Polly's mistress lost the bulk of her fortune, and went to live in another city. When she was ready to move, a change came to Polly. She said: "Good morning and adieu. To her little friends' greetings she would send a reply."

At her new home her mood changed, and, alas! not for the better. She now complained all the time and the burden of her life was ever the same: "Polly wants to go to Detroit—poor Polly wants to go to Detroit!"

So and was the bird's mean, that a lady who lived across the street had to leave the front doors and windows of her home and retire to the rear, that she might not hear.

After fourteen days the poor creature sent forth her pitiful wail. She refused food, and died with the half-finished notion upon her tongue: "Poor Polly wants to go"—*our Little Ones.*

A Good Recovery.

A lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., took out her diamond encrings, valued at \$20 each, the other night, and wrapping them in a piece of paper left them on the dining table, and retired. A burglar, a very neat housebreaker, finding the crumpled bit of paper on the mantel, drew it out of the kitchen stove. The next day the owner of the diamonds asked if any one had seen a bit of paper on the mantel, the careful housekeeper stated what she had done with it, and then took the diamonds and the ashes out of the stove and proceeded to pass them through a flour sieve. When about half the stuff had been emptied in the sieve a small black and yellow nimble rolled over the edge of the coal settling. It was a very warm piece of the coal, and was all that remained of the burglar. A little more sifting and two diamonds rolled out of the ashes. They were a little dusty, but when cool enough to handle they were found to be undiminished in beauty and value. A New York jeweler reset them the same